

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

BRONTON, MISSOURI.

ENJOYING SMALL MEANS.

A Cheery Woman Who Made the Most of Everything.

The happiest woman that I know has a purse as light as her heart; and yet her pretty toilets, her dainty recherche little entertainments, her social advantages, are the wonder of her acquaintances.

All spirit of envy is exorcised, however, for she never "poses," she assumes nothing, frankly acknowledging her impecuniosity, and is as ready to use her peculiar talents for her friends as for herself.

One day, claiming the privilege of old friendship, I proposed to put her through a catechism, to which she cheerfully promised to answer as though bound by all the laws of the confessional.

"First," I asked, "how do you contrive to be always well dressed?"

"Waiving the compliment," she replied, "I follow a few simple rules, and have for incentive and inspiration the knowledge that the labor of my own private and particular John is thereby lightened. I had rather hear him say, 'Well, you are a magnificent little woman, than to have carte-blanc for the rest of my life. One of my rules is to buy nothing striking, nothing conspicuously fashionable, which saves my being conspicuously unfashionable a little later. I adhere to black and white, as far as possible—black for the street, white for evening wear—for their possibilities of rearrangement are indefinite, and their combination always effective. If I do buy a color, I always select the same shade of that color, so that what is left of the old gown may often be utilized in the new, and my little accessories, such as fan, parasol, etc., will preserve harmonious relations with every change of costume."

"But," I interrupted, "you wear gowns that are indisputably of French extraction, and of the best houses."

"Just one gown a year from a good 'maitre'—and that is my only allowance. This I buy late in the season at a reduced price, or it is made for me when the 'rush' is over, and the dressmakers are willing to accept much lower prices in order to keep their work-people employed. As the cutting season does not begin until January, when the Christmas excitement has subsided, I can buy my gown ready for social duty as soon as I am. This bulwark of my respectability is proudly worn the first season only when I am en grande tenue. The second season I wear it in my daily life, and in its third year it is my daily companion in all my outings. In its fourth period, denuded of all superfluous ornament, it is 'put by for a rainy day,' and in its well-preserved old age it makes some humble woman happy, since the 'sitting-out' and conscientious brushing have prevented the worst ravages of time."

Still unsatisfied, I pressed my merry philosopher still further: "All your toilettes are tasteful, and even stylish. Such effects are not produced for nothing, madam."

"If a kind Providence has given taste where He knows that it will be appreciated, so much the better, but the taste is also cultivated by the habit of observation. When I buy my own one gown I see others. At receptions, dinners, etc., I enjoy a glimpse of well-dressed women, and though I do not deliberately copy what I see, the general form and style impress me, and when I want a dinner or tea gown, I call upon my memory, and from its pigeon-holes come forth ideas in combination that a very modest dressmaker can make into a masterpiece of style."

I insist upon well-fitting gowns. I try to be neat, and in the matter of boots and gloves I buy the best, finding them cheapest in the end."

"How about summer toilettes?" I inquired, as I found my friend quite ready to be confided in.

"We go to places in the summer that impose no other social obligations than those found in the Book of Hooks. The matter of dress is reduced to almost its simplest conditions: to be covered neatly is all that is required. I ride, row, walk and drive, read, study, play tennis, and teach Sunday-school all the year around. I can be, borrow, or steal in the neighborhood."

"That accounts for your bright spirits, good health, and for the fact that you seem to be well informed on so many subjects," I exclaimed, enthusiastically. "You take time to read up, and are never at a loss to have something to say that is worth listening to."

My friend made me an elaborate courtesy, and protesting my sincerity, I told her that the class of one was dismissed for the day, and that her entertainments were still a mystery which I should ask her to unravel for my illumination another day.

She readily promised to reveal to me all her secrets, and I took my leave—Harper's Bazar.

A Protection Against Dogs.

A Saratoga county clergyman has discovered a method of protection against the attacks of strange dogs. He was walking a street one day when a large and apparently ferocious canine came toward him growling and showing his teeth and otherwise giving evidence of a disposition to do him bodily harm. All attempts to drive the animal away proved futile. At last a happy idea struck the reverend gentleman and he proceeded to put it into execution. He carried an umbrella, which he opened suddenly in the face of the dog. The belligerent attitude of the dog changed instantly and, putting his tail between his legs he slunk away. Whenever after that the clergyman was compelled to pass that spot and the dog was in evidence, the latter leapt at a safe distance and never came so much as barked or growled at the passerby. The clergyman has tried the experiment with many other dogs since that time and reports that it never has failed to put the animals to flight, no matter how ugly they appeared to be. It was at this point that the clergyman was reminded—if one carries the umbrella.—Albany Express.

A Proposal.—He—"You are the star of the assembly." She—"You are the first to discover that." He—"Then grant me a discoverer's privilege of giving you my name!"—Fliegende Blätter.

PHILOPENA.

We ate two philopenas once. Some little time ago. One of them was a "Vive or Talk" and one a "Yes or No."

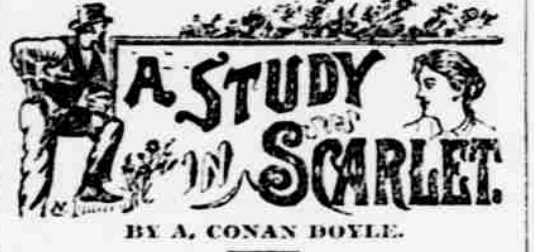
Although she tried to catch me out, and did nothing to gain, she always failed, and I, likewise, my efforts made in vain.

At length I murmured: "Be my wife." In passionless tones, and low; I thought she more than liked me—but she promptly answered: "No."

Stung to the quick by this reply, and my true state to screen, I looked at her indignantly. And muttered: "Philopena."

She bit her lip, she seemed so sad, that, strange to say, I then—Thinking I saw another chance—Offered myself again.

She brightened up, and, smiling, said: "I'll change my mind and take you; and—That other—philopena."



BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"That is true," said I.

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is very useful accomplishment and a very easy one, but people do not practice it much. In the everyday affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward, and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"I hardly expected that you would. Let me see if I can make it clear. Most people, if you describe a train of events to them, will tell you what the result would be. They can put those events together in their minds, and argue from them that something will come to pass. There are few people, however, who, if you told them a result, would be able to evolve from their own inner consciousness what the steps would be which led up to that result. This power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

"I understand," said I.

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning: I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally began by examining the roadway, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which, I ascertained by inquiry, must have been there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a cab and not a private carriage by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London grocer's cart is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham."

"This was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trifle, but this power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

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the additional detail as to the Trichinopoly cigar and the length of his nails. I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement. I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably an ardent and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I had judged correctly.

"Having left the house, I proceeded to what Gregson had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebber. The answer was conclusive. It told me that Drebber had already applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope. And this same Hope was now present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clue to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer."

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab. The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been anyone in the cab. The driver, then, could be the driver, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him. Lastly, supposing under an assumed name, as such men as Tom Johnson and De Witt Warner, went further than the committee and voted for free coal, iron and sugar and the immediate stoppage of the McKinley sugar bounty."

"A majority of the democratic senators wished to go even farther than the house, making larger reductions on manufactured goods and going farther in the direction of ad valorem rates. But presently they found themselves confronted not only by the republican senators in solid array but by the democratic reformers, who were calling themselves democratic to defeat any bill not acceptable to them and the interests they represented."

"The question with the loyal democratic senators then was not what they wished to do, but what they were able to do. They contested the ground inch by inch, and yielded to the renegade senators no more than they were forced to yield. The result was a badly mutilated bill, but it was that or no bill. They had saved much that was valuable. The bill, as it was, was still vastly better than the McKinley monstrosity, and they accepted it as better than nothing."

"The house has at last done the same, but not without making prolonged and heroic resistance. The house confederates, led by Chairman Wilson, struggled long and manfully against the bad amendments, forced upon the bill by the senate renegades, and their democratic associates in the house supported them without wavering until they became convinced that the choice lay between the mutilated bill and none at all."

"The majority of the democrats are entitled to high praise for making a courageous and determined fight and saving the bill from wreck. It is not their fault that the measure is no far better than it is.—Chicago Herald.

COMPENSATION IN SURRENDER

Much has been gained by the passage of the tariff bill.

The democrats of the house for reasons admirably stated by Chairman Wilson and Speaker Crisp, accepted the senate tariff bill, with all its imperfections and its shame, rather than to get none.

Like the "held up" passengers in a helpless stage coach, they yielded to the political highwaymen of the senate without pretending to make a virtue of necessity.

As a vindication of democratic principles against the betrayal of the four trust agents and speculating senators who forced the surrender, the house with surprising promptness and unanimity passed a bill making all sugars free, and also separate bills unifying the tariff and the tariff reformers, headed by Chairman Wilson, now take up the battle, and "protectionism" will meet its Gettysburg in November.—N. Y. Herald.

The tariff, as finally passed while in many respects it falls short of the expectations of the country, is an enormous step forward in the direction of reduced taxation, a step that will never be retraced. From this time the fixed policy of the country will be toward the gradual reduction of import duties.—Philadelphia Times.

The lesson principally to be learned from this tariff contest and its impotent conclusion is that when the republican party made the protected interests a partner in the government in fact made them the governing partner in the firm. The way to cure the situation, so intolerable to the people, is to reduce the interest of the protected manufacturers, but to dissolve the partnership altogether. The way to reform the tariff is to abolish it. There can be no half way measures with vice, and protection is nothing but economic vice—the prostitution of government to the ends of private profit.—Chicago Times.

Maniac McKinleyites.

McKinleyism has its papers and orators and army of dupes, who applaud it the name of human intelligence and sagacity. Preachers proclaim it from the pulpit, and solemnly warn their devotees of the danger to the social fabric if McKinleyism be destroyed by the iconoclasts, wise and strenuous only in the public domain, hurl their anathemas at those who dispute the holiness of McKinleyism. Extravagance and crazed speculation bubble financial bubbles which reach the bursting point coincidentally with the political triumph of the opponents of McKinleyism, and they cry in print: "Behold, that is come to pass which we foretold. Credit shrinks and credit-carried shops shut down, and they cry again: 'Behold the work of the destroyers of our industries. McKinleyism reduces income and increases outgo, and the sure result is pointed to as a result of discarding McKinleyism. It is the Bull Apis, and is holy, and all evils come when the defiling hands of the heretic and infidel touch it. And their partisans applaud and clap their hands and shout: 'We, too, told you so. You have your change; how do you like it? Vive McKinleyism!'"—St. Paul Globe.

DESERVING OF PRAISE.

The Good Work Done by the Genuine Democrats.

The democrats in both houses of congress, with but few exceptions, are entitled to credit for doing all that it seemed to them possible to do toward the fulfillment of the pledges with respect to the tariff which their party made in 1892.

They have made an honest, earnest and persistent attempt to obey the popular mandate delivered when the present democratic congress and president were elected. They are deserving of great praise for wrestling what they have wrested from a protectionist monster, and for holding on so long as there seemed to be a ray of hope against the protectionist amendments which that body thrust so plentifully into the Wilson bill.

The democrats of the ways and means committee labored with great zeal and industry, and finally produced a bill which was fairly acceptable to those who meant what they said when they voted for a tariff for revenue only. They did not produce a perfect bill by any means. They did not produce a bill which was satisfactory to more than their own number.

But they did produce one on right lines, based on right principles, and making a long step toward the final goal of commercial liberty and the ultimate abandonment of the entire policy of supporting and enriching the protectionist industries, by means of contributions upon others. They went as far as they believed it possible to go, in view of the known character of the senate, toward the total abolition of the republican system of legalized robbery.

The house, led for the time being by such men as Tom Johnson and De Witt Warner, went further than the committee and voted for free coal, iron and sugar and the immediate stoppage of the McKinley sugar bounty."

"A majority of the democratic senators wished to go even farther than the house, making larger reductions on manufactured goods and going farther in the direction of ad valorem rates. But presently they found themselves confronted not only by the republican senators in solid array but by the democratic reformers, who were calling themselves democratic to defeat any bill not acceptable to them and the interests they represented."

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WRESTED FROM PROTECTION.

Important Reductions in the McKinley Tariff Duties.

Whatever has been gained has been wrested by a protective body. The country concurs in Mr. Wilson's report. The senate has a majority for protection. There are thirty-seven protectionists, three populists and seven democrats who are champions of prohibitive tariffs on articles produced by their friends and therefore for all prohibitive tariffs—protection consisting in being for the other fellow's tariff if he will be for yours.

From this protective body the tariff reform democrats have wrested a reduction of sugar duties, free wool, lumber and salt and a great curtailment of tariffs on the textiles which the masses must buy for clothing. An income tax is secured, which relieves taxation on the household and places a share of federal expenses upon the wealth whose concentration has been favored by the tariff laws.

Not all that the house contended for and the country desired has been obtained. The sugar trust has not been severed from government partnership. Iron and coal are still taxed, and the commodities into whose cost they enter are still sold at higher prices than the people should pay. But, as the chairman of the ways committee, himself as brave a champion as a cause ever had, says to his friends, when he has done his best, according to their best lights, and they must take the fall back on the consciousness of duty done. For the democrats of the house the voters of the party have nothing but approval. What obligations came to them under the laws and the instructions of their constituents they have discharged with promptness. There has been no departure from principle. In their proposition to reform the revenue they were moderate and business interests were never left in doubt. The contest for a better bill than the measure offered by the senate they have fought as long as there was the slightest chance to succeed and have abandoned it at the demand of business when success against a protective senate majority was a demonstrated impossibility.

That atrocious McKinley bill, is about to be wiped from the statute books by democratic votes. The pledge of 1892 to the people is redeemed as far as the people have conferred the power. The tariff reformers could not control a senate to which a majority of real reformers had not been elected. The house has shown what honest reformers can do by passing bills for free sugar, free iron, free coal and free bread grain. Having placed the blame for the incompleteness of the reform where it belongs, the house democrats can adjourn in the "consciousness of duty done."

Now that tariff legislation is at an end for this congress, business men owe to the country an increased activity and confidence. The elements of prosperity are all with us. Set every where the example of faith and energy. Doubts about the laws are at rest. There is nothing else for business men to doubt except their own strength of will. Matters will not come right of themselves. Men must make them right. It is just about a year since the acute financial trouble began. It is just about time for the sharp revival to begin.—St. Louis Republic.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The McKinley monstrosity has been beheaded.—Toledo Bee.

—Benjamin Harrison is going to take the stump in Indiana. Thomas B. Reed and William McKinley are said that they will not appear there for themselves in 1896. Boston Globe.

—The best thing about the revised sugar schedule is that it is a still greater improvement over McKinley's. The further we get from McKinleyism the better, every time.—Boston Herald.

—Republican organs are trying to scare the masses with the danger of the McKinley law with the threat that they will have "lower wages" under the democratic tariff.—Chicago Herald.

—McKinleyism at least is dead, and its vile offspring is already doomed. Only let the people, whose cause has been so ably and so nobly led by the men who stood true to the Wilson bill, now take up the battle, and "protectionism" will meet its Gettysburg in November.—N. Y. Herald.

—The tariff, as finally passed while in many respects it falls short of the expectations of the country, is an enormous step forward in the direction of reduced taxation, a step that will never be retraced. From this time the fixed policy of the country will be toward the gradual reduction of import duties.—Philadelphia Times.

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ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS.

Slippery Ground Where Good Feeling and Common Sense Are the Best Guides.

Sufficient sympathy for the man who did not save another from drowning because he had not been introduced has never been aroused. Quite possible he was a victim of the etiquette books, which have stuffed his head full of directions for every possible emergency, save that of addressing an entire stranger with a view to saving his life. To some of the people who earnestly study "How" and "Don't" this department of social amenities remains an uncharted ocean, and you need only pretend to a little, a very little knowledge, to be taken privately aside every now and then and anxiously asked: "What is the etiquette of introductions?"

Much mental peace and prosperity would follow the digestion of this one fact—that etiquette has very little to do with it. Imitators of our ill-mannered steps in the social arena have endeavored to make a hard-and-fast rule in the matter, but in most quarters the simple old-fashioned idea still prevails that an introduction is simply a "making known" of two people who ought to know each other, for one of only two reasons, either because they are mutually congenial or because they are about to be thrown together into an extent which non-introduction would render embarrassing. This is in a nutshell the etiquette or ethics, whichever you please to call it, of the occasion. There is only one guide necessary, and that is to remember that since no amount of custom or social rule can make an intrinsically ill-bred action anything but ill-bred, an introduction or non-introduction which is likely to result in a disagreeable meeting is to be avoided in the face of anything one may be told by men or angels, or more terrible still—Mrs. Grundy.

Subject to this exception, it is wisest not to introduce people at casual meetings in public places, street cars, stores, or in the street. Many people do this and the result is invariably that one person remembers the introduction afterward and the other does not with innumerable contingent unpleasantnesses. It is bad enough for dancing acquaintances to have the other of an (always) mutual decision as to whether future recognitions is or is not desirable; and when it comes to meeting the same problem with people whom one has seen for one minute on a street corner or in a railway station, it is too much.

Aside from these instances, however, "when in doubt, introduce," is a very good rule. An ever-mooted question on which everyone has her opinion, is whether or not the hostess shall introduce callers in her drawing room. Common sense and the good feeling would seem to indicate that it is best to do it.

The fact that "it is done" need not, however, carry any consolation to the woman who does that rudest of rude things—brings a friend with her to a small gathering or outing and introduces her to no one. At a large affair the thing is permissible, though a trifle snobbish; at a small one, where people are supposed to be entirely mix, both the friend and the rest of the party have a perfect right to feel insulted, and not the sanction of a princess could redeem the act. A princess wouldn't do it, though, for observation shows that the "thoroughbreds" have usually far less fear of introducing acquaintances than those who are on the social anxious seat; a fact which calls for Capt. Cuttle's advice: "When found, make a note of it."—Philadelphia Press.

MARRYING IN GERMANY.

Union Between Kinfolk Prevails to a Great Extent.

Matrimony in Germany is a singular institution. There are so many restrictions, such a complement of formalities to be submitted to that marriage is rather unpopular than otherwise. The married couple are not only bound to the family, and to attain this end the people, so sensible and level-headed in many respects, are willing to go any lengths. A man may even have for his wife his cousin, his aunt, his step-mother and his sister-in-law combined—he does not so long as he has a hold on the money. The number of marriages among first cousins is countless, and the results appalling. How many idiots there are in the fatherland I should not like to say. So that he may keep the money in his family it is quite common occurrence for an uncle to marry his niece; and a man will sometimes wed his brother's widow. In Bavaria it is legal for a boy to marry at fourteen and a girl at twelve.

A soldier may not become a benedict until he has reached the age of twenty—a most unpopular condition, and one which causes very disagreeable consequences. I heard of a case of a man who married his first cousin. He had four children, one of whom became a leper and two of them idiots. Three children died, and the fourth married her fifth cousin and had an idiot child. In another family the result of an intermarriage between cousins was two imbecile out of three children; all three died young. In one district numbers of people with dreadfully swollen necks may be met. In the valleys of the Alps some of the most deformed idiots of earth are to be found. They are Cretins, and live by begging, the hideousness of their looks bringing them in a good deal of money from the charity-disposed. And yet these poor creatures intermarry and spread the scourge. The marriage knot does not require any great effort in breaking it in Germany. Chronic mutual dislike and incompatibility of temper are sufficient reasons for divorce.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Mountain of the Sacred Footprint.

Adam's Peak, or Mount Samanala, a rugged mountain in the island of Ceylon, is known throughout the orient as the "Mountain of the Sacred Footprint." In a flat, rocky basin at the foot of this mountain, in stone as hard as blue granite, there is the perfect imprint of a gigantic human foot, five and a half feet long by two and a half feet wide. The Ceylonese Brahmins have a legend to the effect that the "imprint" was made by Adam, or first parent, but the Buddhists declare that it could have been made by no one but Buddha.

Insulting.

Master—John, I notice that my cigars are rapidly disappearing. Is it possible that in the short time you have been in my service—

John (with dignity)—Sir, you insult me. Besides, I have three boxes still left from my last master.—Truth.

PITH AND POINT.

"How do you like your new flat?" Mr. Howler—"It's simply perfect. It's so small we can't invite anyone to visit us."—Inter-Ocean.

"Herds—How does it happen that Dr. Emdee is so popular with his lady patients?" Said—"He tells them that they are 'to young too die.'"—Truth.

"She (haughtily)—'I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me.' He (jauntily)—'I should say I had. I am the fellow you jilted ten years ago.'"—Boston Transcript.

"Accepted.—The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance. 'Mary—' The modern maid was on his neck in an instant. 'Oh, Roderick,' she cried, 'this is so sudden!'"—Truth.

"Better Still.—Briggs—"I tell you there's no place women show to better advantage than in New York." Griggs—"Umph! You should see the same women in bathing at Narragansett."—N. Y. Sun.

"Papa's Sarcasm.—Father—"I was met at the train on my return by a band." Friend—"Ah? A brass band?" Father—"No, a hat band. My son wears one of these dandy straw hats."—Detroit Free Press.

"Banks (from his berth, feebly)—'I say, steward, do you think it's all up with me?' Steward (cheerfully)—'Hevery think, for the present, sir; but your appetite will be a-comin' up an' so.'"—N. Y. Herald.

"Counsel for Defendant.—'True,